



No. 9

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GREAT WESTERN

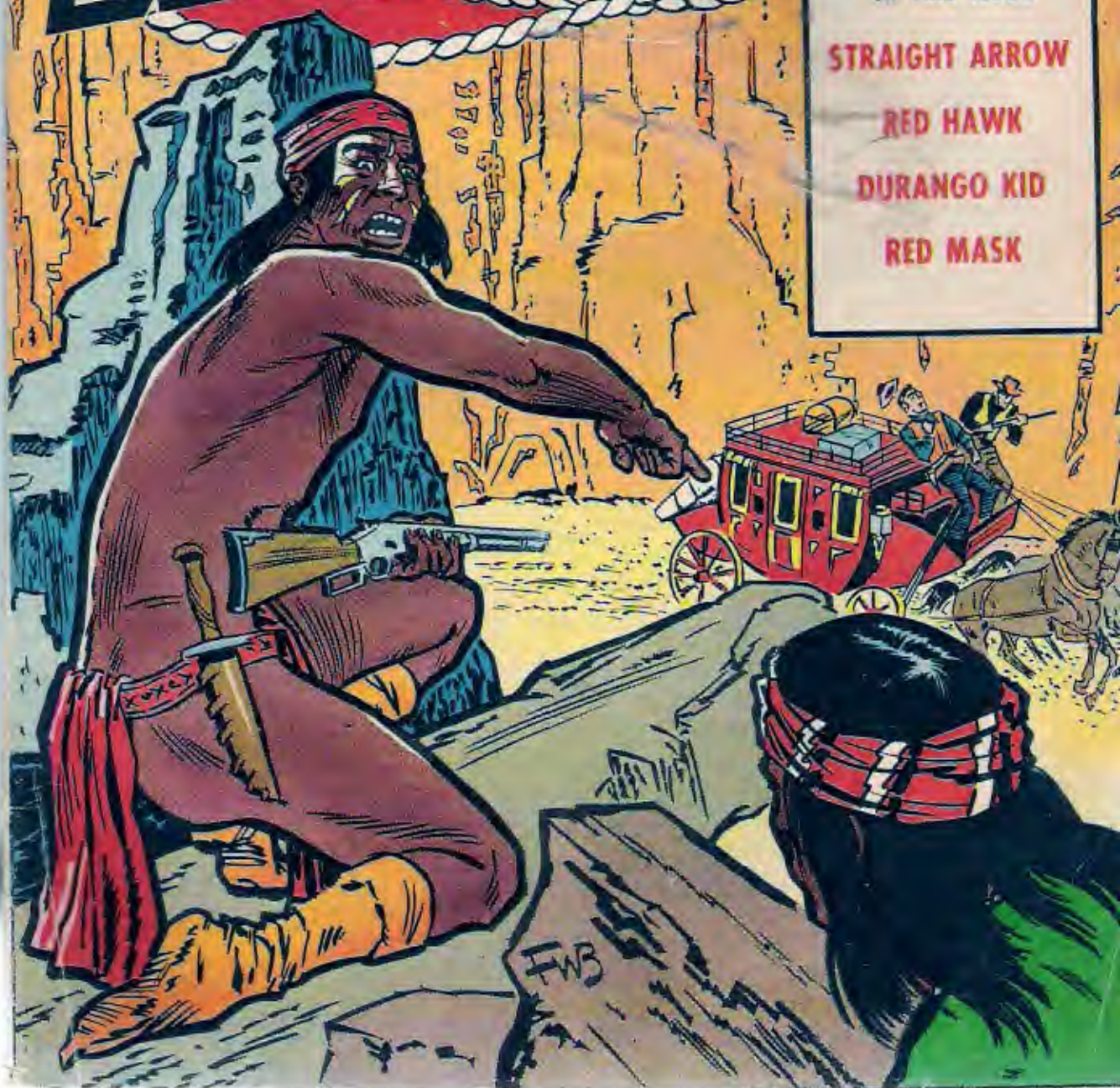
in this issue

STRAIGHT ARROW

RED HAWK

DURANGO KID

RED MASK



**WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM**

New!
1954 MODEL!



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18 MILES!**

A New Shipment of
Famous Rothlar
Binoculars
Has Arrived
from Germany

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Here at last—the all NEW, improved Roth binoculars with the famous 3X, 40 Klaroptar lenses—now better than ever before! They're more refined, sharper, clearer, 3 ways better than the sensational 1953 model! When we announced the '53 model we were swamped with over 50,000 orders! We were sold out and forced to hold up thousands of orders. Unfortunately, we disappointed lots of nice folks! This time we're taking no chances! We're strictly limiting orders to ONE 1954 model per family and will sell NONE to dealers!

Klaroptar Lenses Are Precision Made!

The secret of ROTHLAR'S great public acceptance is the precision made 3X, 40 lenses. Unlike other glasses, they are not moulded or stamped out on plastic presses. These new 1954 genuine Klaroptar lenses are ground out ONE BY ONE by proud German optical workers! This takes much more time and limits production. BUT WHAT A DIFFERENCE! This latest model gives you sharper, clearer, magic-like viewing. No annoying distortions! No chromatic fringe to cause eye-strain! ALL Klaroptar lenses are turned out under the supervision of WALTER ROTH in his small factory in Hartmannshof, Western Germany. He has the Old World family pride; Herr Roth simply won't let an inferior product bear his name. Naturally this means you get a really superior binocular if you are one of the lucky people to order this optical instrument!

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RUSH ONE 1954 ROTH-KLAROPTAR Binocular with case on 5-DAY TRIAL—money back guarantee.
☐ Enclosed \$5—send tax and postpaid.
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NOTE: Only ONE model sent to a family address. No combinations sold at present.

STRAIGHT ARROW



TO FRIEND AND FOE ALIKE, STEVE ADAMS IS THE OWNER OF THE BROKEN BOW CATTLE SPREAD. BUT WHEN DANGER THREATENS INNOCENT PEOPLE, STEVE ADAMS DISAPPEARS, AND IN HIS PLACE GALLOPS A MYSTERIOUS, STALWART INDIAN—WEARING THE GARB AND WARPAIN OF A COMANCHE AND RIDING THE GREAT PALOMINO, FURY! TO TAKE UP THE CAUSE OF LAW AND ORDER IN THE WEST, COMES THE LEGENDARY FIGURE OF—**STRAIGHT ARROW!**

ON A CHOLLA-DOTTED SLOPE SOME MILES FROM FORT DESPAIR, THE WARWHOP OF THE OSAGES MIXES WITH THE SHARP CRACK OF ARMY SPENCER CARBINES! QUARTERMASTER WAGONS CAREEN CRAZILY DOWN THE EMBANKMENT! WAR ARROWS WHINE IN THE AIR!



CAUGHT US BY SURPRISE! GOT US OUT-NUMBERED!

WE HAVEN'T A CHANCE!



FROM THE CHAOS OF RIFLE CRACK AND THUDDING WAR ARROW, YOUNG LIEUTENANT HENDERSON'S VOICE IS RAISED IN CRACKLING HARSHNESS...

FALL BACK, MEN! WE'LL HAVE TO ABANDON THE WAGONS. IF WE MAKE A DASH FOR IT, WE CAN REACH THE FORT...!



AS THE FLEEING TROOPERS TURN, THEY SEE THE HOWLING OSAGES LOOTING THE SUPPLY WAGONS WITH YELPS OF DELIGHT.



DISHEVELLED, GRIMY AND BLOODY, THE DETAIL GALLOPS INTO FORT DESPAIR SOME HOURS LATER, JUST AS STEVE ADAMS AND PACKY EMERGE FROM THE COMMISSARY STORE HOUSE...



I DON'T RECKON ANYTHING, PACKY - YET! BUT EXPERIENCED FRONTIER SOLDIERS LIKE LIEUTENANT HENDERSON DON'T ABANDON WAGONS UNLESS THERE'S A MIGHTY GOOD REASON FOR IT.



COLONEL DEGGAN IS FRESH FROM WEST POINT, MAYBE HE NEEDS A LITTLE ADVICE ABOUT INJUN TERRITORY.



OSAGES? WHAT DIFFERENCE THE NAME YOU GIVE THEM? THEY'RE ALL THE SAME. SOUND TO HORSE! THERE'S A VILLAGE ON COTTONWOOD CREEK THAT WE'LL TEACH A LESSON!



SEE FOR YOURSELF, SIR! THIS IS AN OSAGE ARROW, NOT A KIOWA! THE KIWAS ARE OBSERVING THE PEACE TREATY OF MEDICINE GAP. THEY -



YOU'LL SET THE FRONTIER ON FIRE IF YOU PERSIST, SIR! IF YOU ATTACK THE KIWAS WITHOUT REASON, THEIR GOOD FRIENDS, THE COMANCHES WILL RISE UP!



AS A MAN'S SHADOW DARKENS THE FLOOR,
STEVE WHIRLS AND LEAPS—



LIKE A GIGANTIC CAT,
STEVE HURTLÉS OUT
THE WINDOW! YELLOW
DOG, THE INDIAN
SCOUT, REELS BACK...



RECKON
YUH OUGHT
TO BE IN THE
GUARDHOUSE,
HOMBRE!

YELLOW
DOG
ONLY
CLEAN
GUN—
NOT
SHOOT!

CLEANING
YORE GUN?
ALL YUH
WERE DOIN'
WAS POLISH-
IN' THE
HAMMER
WITH YORE
THUMB!

HE'S A SCOUT
AND ASSIST-
ANT TO THE
QUARTER-
MASTER,
STEVE. I'LL
HAVE HIM
IN IRONS
WITHIN
THE HOUR!

THAT SCOUT
WAS AIMING AT
ME, PACKY!
WHY? I NEVER
SAW HIM BEFORE
IN MY LIFE!

SHORE IS
LOCO! AN'
THAT COLONEL
DEEGAN IS
LOCO, TOO—
IF HE REALLY
IS FIGURIN' ON
RIDIN'
AGIN THEM
KIOWAS!



PARDNER—YOU KEEP
AN EYE ON DEEGAN!
I'M RIDING TO
SUNDOWN
VALLEY!

KEND, STEVE!
YUH FIGURE TO
WARN THE KIOWAS,
HUH? AS STEVE ADAMS,
RANCHER, THEY
WOULDN'T LISTEN
TO YUH—BUT AS
STRAIGHT ARROW—
THEY WILL!



BUT, AT THAT MOMENT, COLONEL DEEGAN ALREADY WAS
LEADING HIS TROOPERS FROM FORT DESPAIR—ON THE
TRAIL TO THE KIOWA VILLAGE. WOULD HE ARRIVE BEFORE
STRAIGHT ARROW?

AT THE GALLOP—
FORWARD!



A SHORT DISTANCE FROM THE BROKEN BOW RANCH HOUSE LIES SUNDOWN VALLEY, AND IN IT—THROUGH A SECRET ENTRANCE KNOWN ONLY TO STEVE ADAMS AND PACKY—A VAST, SUBTERRANEAN CAVE! THE WALLS OF THE CAVE GLITTER WITH CRYSTALS OF GOLD! FROM AN UNKNOWN SOURCE COMES LIGHT THAT SPREADS A SHIMMERING GLEAM EVERYWHERE, AND STANDING IN THE GLOWING LIGHT IS A GREAT, GOLDEN PALOMINO!



A COMANCHE BOW AND COMANCHE ARROWS HANG ON THE WALL! THERE IS COMANCHE WAR PAINT—COMANCHE GARB!

EASY BIG HORSE.



ON A MOMENT STEVE ADAMS, RANCHER, IS GONE—AND IN HIS PLACE—

YES, FURY, IT IS I—STRAIGHT ARROW.



A CLATTER OF HOOVES IN THE VAST, VAULTED CAVE! AN INDIAN WAR WHOOP THAT RINGS FROM THE GLITTERING ROCKS! OUT INTO THE OPEN GALLOPS THE GREAT GOLDEN PALOMINO, FURY! AND RIDING BAREBACK—CLAD IN INDIAN GARB FROM HEAD TO TOE—STRAIGHT ARROW!



INTO THE CAMP OF THE KIOWA RIDES STRAIGHT ARROW. BEFORE A TEEPEE FRONTED BY SCALP POLE AND COUP STICK, HE DRAWS REIN.

I HAVE RIDDEN FAR, AND FAST, BURNT LEG. THE WHITE SOLDIERS EVEN NOW APPROACH YOUR VILLAGE. THEY ARE ANGRY BECAUSE INDIANS ATTACKED A QUARTERMASTER TRAIN!



NO KIOWA WARRIOR HAS LEFT THE SHADOW OF OUR TEEPEES WITHIN THE PAST MOON, COMANCHE FRIEND!

THEN YOU MUST RIDE WITH ME TO FIND THE SOLDIERS. PERHAPS YOU CAN CONVINCE COLONEL DEEGAN! THEN AGAIN—PERHAPS YOU CANNOT! BUT WE MUST TRY!



SOMEWHAT MORE THAN AN HOUR LATER, ON A FLAT STRETCH OF MESQUITE-DOTTED GROUND—

BY THUNDER, HERE ARE TWO OF THE RASCALLY INJUNS NOW! I'LL FETCH THEM OFF THEIR HORSES WITH ONLY TWO BULLETS!







SUMMON BURNT LEG! TELL HIM
STRAIGHT ARROW HAS TRUE WORDS
TO SPEAK! SUMMON BURNT LEG!



COLONEL DEEGAN RIDES FOR THE VILLAGE!
WE MUST PROVE THE INNOCENCE OF THE KIWAS
BY DELIVERING THE OSAGES TO HIM!



YOU SPEAK GOOD
WORDS, MY COMANCHE
BROTHER!

THE WOMEN
AND CHILDREN
WILL BE SAFE.
COLONEL DEEGAN
WILL NOT HARM
THEM! HE SEEKS
ONLY KIOWA
WARRIORS.

AND THE
KIOWA
WARRIORS
RIDE THE
WAR TRAIL
WITH
STRAIGHT
ARROW!



SOME HOURS LATER,
AS THE MORNING
SUN RISES HIGH
OVER THE PLAINS...

OSAGE WAR TROPHY
BASKETS! AND A WARM CAMP
FIRE! THE OSAGE RENEGADES
ARE NOT FAR AHEAD, MY
RED BROTHERS.



TURN, OSAGE RENEGADES!
WE HAVE FOUND YOU!



SWIFTLY THE GREAT GOLDEN PALOMINO OVER-
HAULS THE INDIAN PONIES! SUNLIGHT GLINTS
ON AN OSAGE WAR LANCE!



AIEEEEEEE!

ON, KIWAS!





FIGHT HARD, KIWAS! YOU FIGHT FOR PEACE AND FOR YOUR FAMILIES!



HIS GREAT GOLDEN BOW HUMMING AS ARROW AFTER ARROW IS SHOT FROM ITS TAUT STRINGS, STRAIGHT ARROW RIDES LIKE A MAGIC BEING THROUGH THE SAVAGE FRAY!



YIELD, CHIEF OF THE BASKET PEOPLE! YIELD, OR—

I YIELD, STRAIGHT ARROW! I YIELD!



TALK, OSAGE CHIEF! PYEEAH! INDIANS DO NOT USUALLY ATTACK QUARTERMASTER WAGONS. AND THEY NEVER TAKE THE PAYMASTER BAGS CONTAINING THE SOLDIERS' PAY!

IT WAS YELLOW DOG'S IDEA! HE KNEW WE WERE RENEGADES FROM THE OSAGE TRIBE. HE TOLD US WHEN THE QUARTERMASTER WAGONS WOULD COME. HE WANTED THE MONEY. WE WERE TO KEEP ALL ELSE!



SOME HOURS LATER, PACKY WHDOOPS WITH DELIGHT...

BY CACTUS, STRAIGHT ARROW! YUH DID IT! YUH GOT THEM BAD INTUNS!

YES, PACKY. ALL OF THEM—BUT ONE!



AS STRAIGHT ARROW REINS IN AND EXPLAINS, A SLOW FLUSH COVERS COLONEL DEEGAN'S FACE. THEN, AS THE COMANCHE IS SILENT, HE SPEAKS...

—AND SO YOUR SCOUT, YELLOW DOG—WHO SHOT AT STEVE ADAMS TO PREVENT HIM FROM ACCUSING YELLOW DOG'S OSAGE FRIENDS OF THE ATTACK—IS GUILTY OF THESE ATTACKS ALSO!

STRAIGHT ARROW—FORGIVE MY STUPIDITY! YOU HAVE TAUGHT ME A LESSON!



FOR YEARS AFTER THAT, IN COLONEL DEEGAN'S OFFICE, THERE HUNG A BUFFALO WAR SHIELD WITH TWO GOLDEN ARROWS PAINTED THERE—ON...

STRAIGHT ARROW TAUGHT ME HUMILITY WHEN MY PRIDE INSISTED THAT I CONTINUE IN MY BLUNDER ABOUT THE KIWAS. NOW, WHEN I HAVE TO DECIDE A QUESTION INVOLVING INDIANS—I DECIDE IT AS STRAIGHT ARROW WOULD!

the GHOST RIDER

DICK
AYERS

THE GHOST RIDER, SPECTRAL NEMESIS OF JUSTICE, BRINGS ANOTHER CRIMINAL TO THE END OF A KILLER'S CAREER. STRIKING NERVE-CURDLING TERROR INTO THE HEARTS OF HIS ENEMIES, THE GHOST RIDER TAKES HIS SKILLFUL KNOWLEDGE OF THE MINDS OF MEN—AND ADDS IT TO THE WHIP OF GUILTY CONSCIENCE IN "SCOURGE OF GUILT!"

THE
DEAD ONES
RISE TO
CONDEMN
YOUR CRIME,
MURDERER.

GHOSTS!
GHOSTS!
GHOSTS!









BEFORE THIS NIGHT IS OVER, THEY'LL ALL HAVE GOOD REASON TO FEAR THE GHOST RIDER!

OH MY, OH ME — WARM — HOT TIME IN OLD TOWN TONIGHT, YOU BETCHA!



THAT NIGHT — AT THE LOST GAP HOTEL ...

GIT YORE WARBAG PACKED, SPIKE. WE'RE DUE OUT TUH CALVERT'S RANCH TONIGHT TUH BEGIN THIS HERE PER-TECTION JOB!



RIGHT / SAY D YUH FIGGER THIS GHOST RIDER TO BE A REAL LIVE SPOOK?



NOW WHUT KIND O' TALK IS THET? THAR AIN'T NO SECH THING AS SPOOKS! YUH TURNIN' SOFT ON ME?

AW, I WLIZ JIST FUNNIN', PARDNER! IT'LL TAKE A HEAP SIGHT MORE 'N A OLD SPOOK TUH SKEER ME!



BUT, SUDDENLY!

HEY! WHO TURNED OUT THE LIGHTS?



THE GHOST RIDER!

IT IS I — HE WHO RIDES IN DARKNESS, IN THE BLACK OF NIGHT, AND THE GLOOM OF THE GRAVE!



DIDYA GIT 'IM?

YUH KIDDIN'? AFORE I EVEN STARTED SHOOTIN', HE JIST SORTA — GULP — DISAPPEARED!

THE BLACK SIDE OF MY CAPE CERTAINLY COMES IN HANDY FOR THE OLD VANISHING ACT! BUT, NOW TO WORK ...



THOUGH I BE INVISIBLE, STUPID ONES — THOUGH I BE OF MIST AND SPIRIT — STILL YOU MAY FEEL MY FISTS!



THE GHOST RIDER KNOWS THE MINDS OF MEN - FOR FEAR CLOSES ITS ICY FIST AROUND JEB CALVERT'S HEART...

AT CALVERT'S RANCHHOUSE





GRAZED WITH FEAR AND GUILT, CALVERT TWISTS AND TURNS IN HIS MAD FLIGHT— BUT IT SEEMS THE GHOST RIDER IS EVERYWHERE.

NO LONGER ABLE TO REASON SANELY, HE CLIMBS A SILO.



I'LL BE SAFE UP HERE! ONLY WAY UP IS THIS LADDER AND I CAN DEFEND THAT!

NOW, THAT'S A CRAZY THING FOR HIM TO DO— THERE'S MORE THAN ONE WAY TO BEAT HIM TO THE TOP OF THAT SILO.



ALL I HAVE TO DO IS LOOP MY LARIAT OVER THAT WINCH ARM UP THERE— AND LET MY HORSE, SPECTRE, PULL ONE END...



... AND I GET LIFTED UP LIKE A BALE OF HAY. MY LARIAT, BEING SPECIALLY DYED BLACK, IS *INVISIBLE*— CALVERT WILL THINK I'M FLYING!



HIGH OR LOW, STILL I COME, JEB CALVERT! CONFESS! GIVE UP!

THIS FIEND FLIES! HE IS A GHOST! THERE'S NO USE GOING ON— NO USE LIVING! I'LL JUMP!



NO, JEB CALVERT! WE WILL GO DOWN TOGETHER!



AND WE'LL GO BACK TO TOWN AND TO JUSTICE TOGETHER!



HERE HE IS, CITIZENS— THE MURDERER OF SHERIFF BANNER! THE GHOST RIDER NEVER FAILS!

YES, I DID IT! I DID IT! JAIL ME, KILL ME. — ANYTHING! JUST GET ME AWAY FROM THIS FIEND!



The DURANGO KID

I WON'T WAIT FOR WARING TO PLAY HIS NEXT HAND — I'LL JUST GO OUT AND GET HIM BEFORE HE'S GOT A CHANCE TO DO HIS DIRTY WORK.

A MAN WITH A HEART AS BLACK AS THE BLACKEST PIT ROAMS THE PRAIRIE AT LARGE TO DO HIS EVIL WORK. BUT — ON HIS TRAIL IS A VENGEANT NEMESIS! HUNTING, STALKING, ALERT TO SOUNDS AND SIGNS THAT ORDINARY MEN WOULD NEVER NOTICE **THE DURANGO KID** — THE GREATEST HUNTER OF ALL — TRAILS THE SCOUNDREL IN... **MANHUNT!**

DURANGO FELT THAT HE HADN'T HEARD THE LAST OF WARING — AND HE WAS RIGHT. SOMEWHERE ON THE PRAIRIE, HUDDLED OVER A FIRE THAT FAILED TO WARM HIS COLD HEART, WARING NURSED HIS EVIL BITTERNESS...

THE DURANGO KID... THE DURANGO KID — AH, HOW I HATE THAT NAME! BUT IF HE THINKS HE'S THROUGH WITH ME, HE'S GOT ANOTHER THINK COMING!

I'VE STILL GOT ANOTHER GANG OF GUNRIDERS THAT I'VE BEEN HOLDING IN RESERVE. I'LL GO TO THE HIDEOUT AND PICK 'EM UP — AND THEN WE'LL SEE WHO'S THE SMARTER — DURANGO OR ME! HA-HA-HA-HA!

BUT THE SAME LIGHT OF DAWN FINDS
ANOTHER FIGURE MOVING STEALTHILY
ACROSS THE SHIFTING PRAIRIE SHADOWS
...THE DURANGO KID!

THESE HOOFPRIENTS SURE ARE
JUMBLED UP! BUT I'VE GOT
TO FIND THE SPOT WHERE
WARING DESERTED HIS MEN
YESTERDAY! HMMMM - I THINK
WE'VE GOT SOMETHING HERE!



RIGHT! HERE'S WHERE
HE PEELED OFF!
UP, RAIDER!



THE NIGHT MISTS AND WIND HAVE
ALMOST ERASED THESE TRACKS -
BUT WE'RE OLD HANDS AT THIS
KIND OF THING, AREN'T WE,
RAIDER?



... AND THE
MANHUNT IS ON!
THIS IS THE STORY OF
THE SPOOR, THE
HUNT - WITH ITS
OWN PRIMITIVE LAWS,
AS OLD AS TIME
ITSELF! SMELL,
SIGHT, HEARING,
INSTINCT - AND
ROUGH JUSTICE
QUICK AS A PANTHER'S
POLINCE - THESE
ARE THE THINGS
THAT MATTER IN
THAT MOST
THRILLING OF ALL
DRAMAS, THE
MANHUNT!

WARING ARRIVES AT THE HIDEOUT.

COME ON, YOU LAZY
JUG-HEADS - GET
UP! THERE'S WORK
TO BE DONE!

WHUT'S
UP, BOSS?



WE'RE GOING TO MAKE THAT
RAILROAD SO RISKY THAT
THE GOVERNMENT WILL
REVOKE UNION PACIFIC'S
LICENSE - AND THEN THE
WARING RAILROAD COMPANY
CAN STEP IN!



WE RIDE OUT TO BIG
DITCH CHASM AND THERE
WE WEAKEN THE SUPPORTS
OF THE BRIDGE SO THAT
IT'LL COLLAPSE WHEN
THE FIRST TRAIN
PASSES OVER!



AND THE NEXT TRAIN TO
PASS OVER WILL BE THAT
TRAIN WITH ALL THE BIGWIGGS
RETURNING FROM YESTERDAY'S
CEREMONY. HA-HA-HA!





AND, AS THE LAST MAN PASSES...



SURPRISE!



HEADACHE?
TOO BAD!



TAKE IT EASY, RAIDER —
JUST WANT TO MAKE SURE
THIS RANNEY DOESN'T
GET AWAY.



AND NOW
FOR THE
NEXT ONE!



STOP CROWDIN', MURPH! YOU HEARD
THE BOSS SAY TO SPREAD OUT!
WE GOTTA KEEP A WIDE
LOOKOUT FER DURANGO!



DOGGONE IT — I SAID TO
STOP CROWDIN'! I TOLD YUH —
UH — OH — OH — OH!







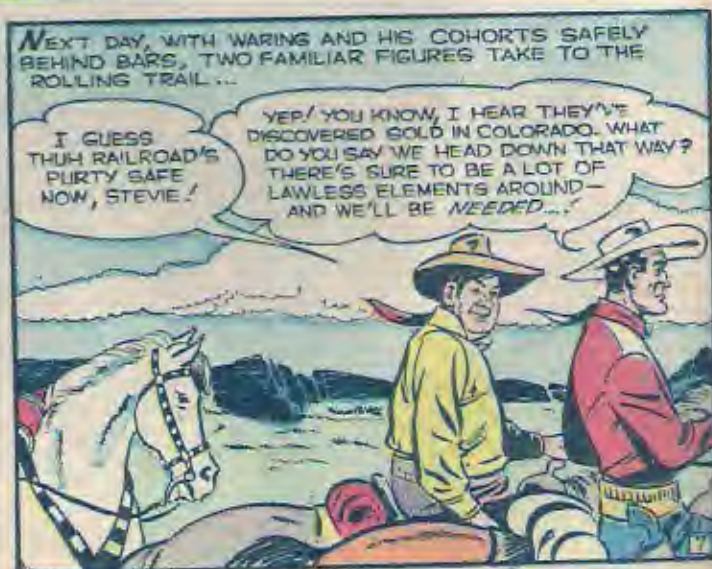
THREE SECONDS TO CHOOSE BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH!

SECOND 1... DURANGO STEPS BOLDLY INTO THE ROAD — SHOOTING!

SECOND 2... QUICKLY, DURANGO HITS THE DIRT AND ROLLS...

SECOND 3... SHOOTING!





RED HAWK



BEFORE THE SMOKE OF THE WHITE MEN'S FIRES ROSE TO DARKEN THE BLUE SKIES OF THE WESTERN PRAIRIES, RED HAWK LIVED. A BOW AND ARROWS, A KNIFE AND A WARCLUB WERE HIS WEAPONS. LIKE THE OTHERS OF HIS PEOPLE, HE VALUED FLEET PONIES AS WEALTH...

FROM THIS PRAIRIELAND OF TIFI AND BUFFALO, MEDICINE MAN AND COUNCIL FIRE—STALKING THOSE WHO KILLED HIS LOVED ONES—CAME YOUNG RED HAWK. IN HIS HEART BURNED A LOVE FOR JUSTICE AND A HATE FOR EVIL! FOR, EVER BEFORE HIM, LIKE EVIL SPIRITS, HE SAW THE DEATH MASKS OF—
"THE MEN OF THE GREEN FEATHER!"

RED HAWK STOOD ALONE ON A SANDSTONE LEDGE THE MORNING THAT HIS FATHER WAS KILLED. HE HEARD THE BOWSTRING TWANG... HE HEARD HIS FATHER'S DEATH CRY...

FATHER!
FATHER!



CRAZILY, HE THREW HIMSELF DOWNWARD! ONLY HIS STRONG HANDS CLINGING TO SHRUB ROOTS AND STUMPS, SAVED HIS LIFE...! AND EVER HE HURTLIED DOWNWARD, LIKE A STONE FALLING...

MY FATHER IS A CHIEF. HE IS POWERFUL! MANY HATE HIM, FOR HE HATES THOSE WHO MAKE THE CHEYENNE WEAK! I ONLY HOPE HE STILL LIVES!



DEAD! AND NOTHING TO TELL WHO KILLED HIM—BUT—THE FEATHER OF AN EAGLE—STAINED A BRILLIANT GREEN!



THIS FACE A STOID MASK AGAINST THE GRIEF WITHIN HIM, RED HAWK BORE HIS FATHER BACK TOWARD THE BUFFALO-HIDE TIPIS OF THE CHEYENNE PEOPLE...



I WILL NOT FORGET, FATHER!

AS MORDO, THE SHAMAN, GRINNED WITH FURY, RED HAWK KNELT BEFORE THE TIP OF CHIEF WHITE BULL, A GREEN FEATHER IN HIS PALM...

THE MAN WHO KILLED RAVEN WING WORE THIS FEATHER!

THE YOUTH LIES! I HAVE DREAMED A DREAM!



IN MY DREAM I SAW A GREEN FEATHER SUCH AS THIS! IT CAME AND TOOK YOU AWAY, MIGHTY WHITE BULL! SEND AWAY THIS YOUTH! LET HIM AND HIS FAMILY BE PUT AWAY BEFORE HE CAUSES YOUR DEATH!



WHITE BULL WAS A BRAVE MAN IN BATTLE. BUT SUPERSTITION RODE HIS BROAD SHOULDERS, AND WHAT HIS MEDICINE MAN SAID—HE DID!

BE IT SO! PUT AWAY RED HAWK, HIS MOTHER AND HIS SISTER!

BUT...!



TO BE "PUT AWAY" MEANT THAT THE LODGE OF RAVEN WING WOULD BE PLACED AT THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE VILLAGE—WHERE AN ENEMY ATTACK WOULD STRIKE FIRST. RED HAWK, HIS MOTHER AND SISTER WOULD BECOME OUTCASTS. NO MAN COULD FEED THEM, NO HAND BE LIFTED TO AID THEM IF THEY WERE SICK. THEY LIVED, YET THEY WERE TO BE CONSIDERED DEAD!

AS HIS MOTHER, RED DOE, COVERED HER HEAD WITH ASHES, RED HAWK SWORE A MIGHTY OATH!

I SWEAR BY THE LODGEPOLE OF MY FATHERS!—I WILL NOT REST UNTIL I HAVE SOLVED THE EVIL MYSTERY OF THE GREEN FEATHER!



ALWAYS AT HIS BACK WERE THE WHISPERED WORDS OF MORDO. EVEN AS HE TROD THE TIMBER BELT FOR ANTELOPE, THE WORDS FOLLOWED...

FOLLOW HIM! IF HE KILLS FOR FOOD TAKE HIS KILL FROM HIM! LET HIM ONLY DRINK WATER AND EAT BREAD BAKED IN ASHES!



OUR FAMILIES WILL EAT WELL ON RED HAWK'S KILL!

AI! THE HAWK AND HIS FAMILY WILL SOON STARVE AND DIE!



HIS BOWS WERE BROKEN AND HIS ARROWS SHATTERED...

NOW, THIS IS A STRANGE THING. MEN DO NOT ACT THIS WAY TOWARD ONE ANOTHER EXCEPT FOR FEAR!



WHY SHOULD MORDO FEAR ME? IS IT BECAUSE OF THE GREEN FEATHER? MAYBE I WOULD DO WELL TO FOLLOW MORDO ON THOSE JOURNEYS HE MAKES AWAY FROM THE TIPS OF OUR PEOPLE!



AND SO, ONE DAY...

MORDO MEETS WITH MEN WHO LOOK LIKE BIRDS! I CAN JUST MAKE OUT THEIR WORDS... AND THEY TALK OF THE DEATH OF WHITE BULL!



I WAS SO INTERESTED I LET MY EARS FALL ASLEEP!

IT IS YOUNG RED HAWK!

MORDO HAS PROMISED TWO FLEET PONIES FOR HIS DEATH!



POWERFUL HANDS CAUGHT RED HAWK! LIFTED HIM AND THREW HIM BACKWARDS!

CAN'T STOP MYSELF! GOING TO GO OVER THE EDGE - FALL A THOUSAND FEET - TO ROCKS!



BACK FELL RED HAWK UNTIL HIS BODY WAS ABOVE THE EMPTINESS OF THE CANYON! BE-
NEATH HIM THERE WAS ONLY DEATH!

GOT TO... STOP HIM!



AND THEN HIS KNEES HOOKED ON TWO STUMPS—
CLUNG WITH STEEL-THEWED MUSCLES! OVER HIS
HEAD ONE WARRIOR PLUNGED—

GWAAAA!



YOU DIE!

NOT— YET!



DIE YOURSELF, EAGLE MAN!

AIEEEE!



IN THE COLD GREY LIGHT OF DAWN,
A FURIOUS WHITE BULL RAGES
AT MORDO, THE MEDICINE MAN...

THAT NIGHT, NEAR THE HORSE
HERD OF CHIEF WHITE BULL...

Hii-AAAA! RUN, BROTHERS
OF THE WIND!
RUN!



WHEN WHITE BULL LEARNS HIS
PONIES HAVE BEEN STOLEN...AND
SEES THE GREEN EAGLE FEATHER—
HE WILL GUESS THAT THE
FEATHER IS A SIGN OF THE
GREEN EAGLE SOCIETY!



DID YOU DREAM OF **THIS** GREEN
FEATHER, TOO, MORDO? MY PONIES
WERE STOLEN! THE FEATHER WAS
LEFT BEHIND! IT IS A RASH MAN
WHO THUS AROUSES MY
ANGER!



TWO NIGHTS LATER, AS WHITE BULL RIDES ALONE THROUGH THE FILES OF ANTELOPE PASS...

AI! THERE IS A GREEN EAGLE SOCIETY! AND THEY SEEK—MY DEATH!



WHITE BULL SAW ME! BUT HE KNEW ME ONLY AS A MAN WITH AN EAGLE MASK! NOW HE WILL WORRY—AND HE WILL LISTEN TO RED HAWK!



NEXT DAY, ON THE TRAIL...

WHAT DOES RED HAWK WANT OF HIS CHIEF? YOU HAVE BEEN PUT AWAY?

YET I STILL LIVE, WHITE BULL! BUT YOU WILL NOT BE ALIVE, MANY MOONS FROM NOW!



YOU DARE! I...

THE GREEN EAGLE SOCIETY KILLED MY FATHER, WHITE BULL. THEY FEARED HIM, FOR HE WAS A GREAT WAR CHIEF. NOW THEY SEEK TO KILL YOU TOO. THEN MORDO WILL BECOME CHIEF!



THAT NIGHT, AS A CHILL WIND MOVED DOWN THROUGH THE PINONS OF THE TETONS...

IF YOU LIE, RED HAWK—!

I DO NOT LIE! LOOK BELOW—AT THAT FIRE—AT THE MEN AROUND IT...!



THE CHIEF, WHITE BULL, SUSPECTS! SOMEONE RAN OFF HIS PONIES, AND LEFT A GREEN FEATHER—THE EMBLEM OF OUR SOCIETY! ONE OF US IN AN EAGLE MASK SHOT AT HIM. WHO DID IT?

NOT I! NOR I!



WHITE BULL MUST DIE! BEFORE TOMORROW'S SUN LOWERS OVER THE HORIZON... OUR CLUBS SHALL BATTER HIM TO DEATH! AND THEN—MORDO SHALL BE CHIEF OF THE CHEYENNE PEOPLE!



ALL NIGHT LONG, RED HAWK RODE WITH THE SPEED OF THE WIND. AN HOUR AFTER DAWN, HE ENTERED THE VILLAGE OF THE CHEYENNES, WITH A FILE OF WAR-PAINTED ARAPAHOS BEHIND HIM...

WHY DO YOU COME WITH OUR FRIENDS, THE ARAPAHOS, RED HAWK? AND WHY ARE THEIR FACES PAINTED FOR WAR?

BECAUSE THERE ARE EVIL CHEYENNES WHO PLOT AGAINST YOU, WHITE BULL—AND MORDO IS THEIR LEADER!



WITH A HORRIBLE CRY OF AVERAGE RAGE, MORDO RAISED HIS SCALPING KNIFE—

ATTACK, BROTHER ARAPAHOS! SEIZE THE MEN OF THE VILLAGE!

YOU—!!



YOUR EVIL IS ENDED, MORDO! WHITE BULL KNOWS THE TRUTH!

I SHOULD HAVE DONE MYSELF TO KILL YOU, HAWK!



RED HAWK RISES FROM THE LIFELESS BODY OF MORDO, THE MEDICINE MAN, AS ARAPAHO WARCLUBS AND LANCES HERD THE MEN OF THE VILLAGE BEFORE THEIR CHIEF...

HE FELL—ON HIS OWN KNIFE!

HEAR ME, MEN OF THE CHEYENNE NATION! THERE ARE TRAITORS WHO DWELL IN THE TIPIS OF OUR PEOPLE!



RED HAWK OPENED MY EYES. HE LED ME TO THE COUNCIL FIRE OF THOSE WHO PLOTTED AGAINST ME! EVEN NOW OUR FRIENDS, THE ARAPAHOS, GO AMONG THE TIPIS—HUNTING FOR THE GREEN FEATHER AND THE EAGLE MASKS! ALL WHO HAVE THEM HIDDEN IN THEIR LODGES—DIE!



FIFTEEN MEN WERE TAKEN BY THE ARAPAHOS TO MEET THEIR FATE THAT AFTERNOON. AND WHEN THEY RODE OUT, ANOTHER RODE IN...

COME, MOTHER. NO LONGER ARE WE TO BE PUT AWAY. INSTEAD...



INSTEAD, LET RED HAWK SHARE THE PLACE OF HONOR, WITH HIS TIP! BESIDE THAT OF WHITE BULL! NO LONGER SHALL RED HAWK BE OUTCAST—INSTEAD I NAME HIM—WAR CHIEF OF THE TRIBE!



FOLLOW THE ADVENTURES OF YOUNG RED HAWK AS HE RIDES THE TRAILS OF THE EARLY WEST IN...

STRAIGHT ARROW